McKean Miner.

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Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashed my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel's sigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through years with a glad contempt,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek so wheat I've lain,
Close to the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh
"All will be sweetness by and by."

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by and by?

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Bashful Fifteen."

Yes, that was her age when I first met her seven years ago. She is a famous actress now, and exactly twenty-two years old.

Having passed three pleasant years at Cambridge, and become a Bachelor of Arts by the least irksome process permitted by University statutes, I found myself at twenty-one years of age a student at the Upper Temple, and a monthly tenant of a couple of rooms on the first floor in Guildford street, Russell Square.

As I knew few people in London, and was not even a member of one of the University clubs, there was no special reason for idleness, and I may proudly confess that for the first three months of my residence in town my jealous mistress, the law, knew no rival.

But even the stirring period of "Mr Joshua Williams on Real Property," and the sportive facetiousness of "Mr Justice Byles on Bills," are apt to become monotonous, and I was on the point of joining a small Bohemian club in the Strand, when fate brought me distraction from my studies in a more witching and material shape. This shape was an ankle.

Of course it was feminine, equally of course it was trim and dainty. The first time I saw it a crimson stocking added to its allurements; on the second occasion it was clad in black. And oddly enough this was the only evidence I had of the propinquity of a young and attractive neighbor, for the ankle was always helping its owner up stairs at a rapid rate, whenever I caught a glimpse of that almost ravishing joint and the flutter of the dress which always accompanied it.

At length, after sundry stray glimpses, my curiosity was fairly aroused, and I inquired of my landlady regarding the occupants of the rooms above me. "Yes, sir, the second floor, which it's a young woman and her grandmar, and well be'aved and respectable, though she is a play actress."

"A play actress? I exclaimed, "which of them, the young woman or the grandmother?"

"Oh, the young woman, sir, which she is that devoted to her grandmar, and quite haffable, as one may say. They have been here ten days, and they're conducted themselves quite proper and ladylike, sir."

I must confess that the fact of the owner of the ankle being an actress inflamed my interest in it to an inordinate degree. I am naturally gregarious, and I am fond of my species, and during the last three months the only women I had spoken to were the worthy Mrs. Jones, my landlady, and the much begrimmed domestic who attended to the requirements of the lodgers. Then, like many young men of similar age, I had an affection for the drama and the stage, an affection I may add, which, though whetted by curiosity, was still tempered with respect. Of course, I could not force an acquaintance with the "second floor," and I was far too inexperienced in the customs of the metropolis to introduce myself in an apparently natural unpremeditated manner.

One Sunday morning after breakfast I was stretched on my uncomfortable sofa, smoking a long pipe and reading one of the late lamented Mr. Smith's "leading cases." I was doing my best to feel interested in the details when I was conscious of a comotion upstairs. A minute or so afterward a rap came on my door.

"Come in!" I cried, and Mrs. Jones appeared. She was sorry to disturb me, but the old lady upstairs was "took" suddenly ill; no restoratives were at hand, and, according to law, none were procurable at that time on the Sabbath. Would I, therefore, lend her a wine glass full?

The application was evidently genuine, but, on Mrs. Jones' part, hasty and ill-considered, revealing as it did an intimate knowledge of the resources of my cupboard. Still, what I had was, of course, at the service of the "second floor."

Pulling open the door still wider to allow my landlady to depart I perceived on the stairs in front of me the figure of a young and beautiful girl. She was standing expectant, one hand resting on the banister, and when she met my admiring eyes she flushed slightly. She was tall and well made, her slight girlish figure giving indications of future robustness. A mass of nut-brown hair, most heterodoxically picturesque, fell round and about her shapely head, and a pair of full grey eyes sparkled somewhat defiantly from under the corresponding number of light eyebrows.

"It's all right, Miss!" quoth the landlady unctiously: "Mr. Smith have been kind enough to lend us this," and the good soul hugged the unsympathetic bottle to her bosom.

The girl stepped down two or three stairs. "I'm sorry for troubling you," she said to me, "but we didn't know what to do, and—after all I suppose we are not the first people who have made each other's acquaintance over a wine bottle."

And she turned and tripped lightly up stairs, and a flash of the crimson ankle was perceptible as she turned the corner of the stair-case.

There was a certain abandon in her movements which was at once attractive and strange. Her manner and utterance were easy, and her tone seemed to imply a thorough mastery of the situation; and it was clear, though she was young, she was experienced, and was intimately acquainted with her way about.

Later on in the afternoon I was again reclining on the inhospitable horsehair, and was aroused by another knock at my door. This time the summons was not so much an authoritative rap as a soft and insinuating tap. I bade my visitor enter and the door was opened a few inches.

"Mr. Smith, I have brought you back the—the medicine. Of course I opened the door wide and begged the young lady to come in, which she did unconcernedly enough, and placed the bottle on the sideboard.

"By the way, I hear that you are a lawyer, Mr. Smith," said she glancing around the room.

"Not yet, I'm only at the bar," I replied modestly.

"But I suppose you are awfully clever, and all that," she added. "Anyhow, you are very kind."

"Don't talk like that please. And you I hear, are an actress."

"Really, I don't know," and she looked quite pensive for a moment. "I'm on the stage."

"Well, it must be a jolly life," I suggested somewhat nervously, for I had never spoken to an actress before, remember.

"It is a very hard life, I assure you," said she.

"You cannot have much experience," I returned, glancing at her youthful figure.

"I began when I was twelve and I am now fifteen. I have played *Arthur* in 'King John,' *Mamillius* in the 'Winter's Tale,' and *Prince Bright Eyes* in the pantomime. Quite a wide range of parts, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I remarked, "and now may I ask where you are acting at present?"

She laughed. "Such is fame! Why, I am playing in the new burlesque at the Fortune."

I apologized for my ignorance, and assured her that I would go and see her on the following night.

"Do," said she "and mind you applaud my song, please. I was encored last night, so contrive that I am again to-morrow. Good-bye" she said, moving towards the door. "I never talked to a lawyer before."

"I never spoke to an actress before," quoth I.

"How do you like it," asked she.

"Immensely, pray give me another opportunity. What do you think of a law-yer?"

"I don't think of him at all just now. I have something better to do," and with that she vanished.

Yes, she was both piquant and repelling; but the novelty of the acquaintance was pleasing, and the next evening I was seated in a stall at the Theatre Royal Fortune.

The performance was dull and insipid. Perversions and contortions of the Queen's English in the shape of puns never inspired me with any profound sense of the educational use of the drama, and I was then neither young enough or old enough to appreciate an exhibition of shapely limbs, painted faces and dresses of an impossible hue. Still I applauded Miss Minnie May's song, and was somewhat disappointed that she never bestowed upon me so much as a glance of recognition. I went back to my rooms immediately after the curtain fell, and prepared for a couple of hours' spell at "Taylor on Evidence." I had been seated at my table but a few minutes when a light tap sounded at my door. I opened it, and there was Miss Minnie May.

"Well, Mr. Smith," said she, rather impatiently, "how did you like it? How did it go?"

"I don't know much about burlesques, Miss May, but the audience seemed to be amused."

"Yes, they encored my song. I have made a hit, I feel certain. You didn't applaud though, I was watching you."

"Indeed I did; I split my gloves over it. Look here," and I showed her circumstantial evidence of my zeal.

"Oh, I dare say split them applauding somebody else, that fright that plays *Prince Camaralzamus*, with the padded legs."

"No, I agree with you that she is a fright. I didn't applaud her.

"Mind you never do. She is a wretch. And now I shall expect you to come to the Fortune at least three days a week. It will do you good, you spend far too much time over these abominable books." And then she asked me demurely whether I wouldn't go upstair and be introduced to grandmamma, who was anxious to thank me for my prompt sympathy of the previous day. "You won't be too shocked I suppose," she laughed, as I followed up stairs.

Grandmamma was a faded old lady dressed in black, and her conversation generally resolved itself into uninteresting reminiscences of bygone triumphs. For she had been the darling of provincial theatres years ago, poor old soul, and lived as comfortably as she could on recollections of the past and a pittance of the present.

We had a cheerful little supper of poached eggs and bottled stout. Miss Minnie prattled away, grandmamma was silently appreciative, and I listened and learnt. Afterward Minnie showed me her album, and her aged relative showed symptoms of impending sleep in her arm chair. I admired the photographs as well as I knew how.

"But you haven't told me what you think of my acting," she exclaimed suddenly.

"Haven't I? Well, you are young yet. Are you sure that you like the stage?" For to tell the truth Miss Minnie May had not inspired me with any belief in her histrionic genius.

"Like the stage," she inquired surprised; "why I'm a born actress. Ohe! you don't think so?"

"I modestly deprecated my such idea.

"Never mind, Mr. Smith, before many months are over I'll prove to you that I can act. Not an actress, indeed!" And the impetuous young damsel seemed ready to cry. Presently I came to the last page of the album, and my eyes caught a portrait of a girl whom I took for herself.

"Oh that is not like you," I exclaimed.

"Who said it was?" Then she paused and laughed softly to herself. "That is a portrait of my sister."

"Indeed!"

"Yes we are very much alike."

"Is she an actress, too?"

"She is on the stage. And now good night; don't sit up and read law. Go to sleep and dream of ——"

"*Prince Camaralzamus?*"

"By all means, if you can."

For the next five or six days I saw but little of Miss Minnie May. In fact I rather avoided her. As I was absent all day in the chambers of a special pleader I ran no chance of encountering this "maiden of bashful fifteen" in broad daylight, and at night about the time she usually came home from the theatre I made a practice of smoking a cigar and sauntering round Russell square. However on Sunday morning she tapped at my door. I received her ceremoniously.

"Don't try and act, Mr. Smith," said she, quickly perceiving my awkwardness, "leave that to me. I've come to say good bye."

"Good bye?"

"Yes. I have a better engagement in Liverpool, more money and a comedy part. You see there are some people who believe in my acting."

"My dear Miss May, pray don't think I undervalue your talents ——"

"I wanted to tell you that my sister is coming up from Glasgow to take part in the burlesque at the Fortune. My sister, you saw her photograph the other evening. She isn't a bit like me, except in appearance, and I want you to be kind to her, and, if I may venture to ask a favor, to see her home from the theatre the first two or three nights. She is rather timid, you know, and doesn't know her way about as I do."

The request astonished me slightly, but of course I could only promise to do what was required.

"And what are you going to do to night," she asked.

"I have promised to dine at Richmond with some friends. I go down in the afternoon, and shall not return until about 12."

"Oh! very well. I start by the night train, and Mildred arrives about 10 o'clock. Good bye, Mr Smith, when we meet again I hope to be able to convince you that I am an actress."

I dined at the Star and Garter that evening, and spent a few merry hours with some old college friends and returned home about midnight. When I reached my landing I found the begrimmed domestic and a young girl endeavoring to carry a heavy box up stairs. Of course, I offered my services, which were gracefully accepted. The lady, who was, of course, Miss Mildred May, let go the handle of the trunk, which I promptly grasped and dragged up to the sitting room above. As I was leaving the apartment she entered.

"Miss Mildred May, I presume?" I asked, bowing. She bowed a mute acknowledgment and passed into the room. I looked at her somewhat curiously, and not without admiration. Her figure was more womanly than her sister's and her costume was plainer. There was an air of almost matronly dignity about her as she moved. Her hair was dressed plainly, and I noticed that, unlike her sister, she wore no rings on her well-shaped hand. When she turned her full face to me, I was struck with its sweet composure, and the perfect arches formed by her dark eyebrows. Her sister had no eyebrows worth mentioning.

She thanked me in a few appropriate words for my kind offices, and I withdrew.

In the morning I left a short note, telling her of the promise I had made her sister of attending her home from the theatre. Then I strolled down to King Beach Walk, and began drawing a "declaration in tort," but even with Bullen and Leak's assistance, I hesitated and blundered. It was no good, I could not work so I left the chambers, and found myself walking towards Guildford street. As I reached my door, she came out. Heavens! How my heart leaped!

She was going for a short walk. She did not know where, she had only been in London once before; so she accepted my guidance, and we strolled away.

I shall never forget that afternoon as long as I live. Mildred said little and conversation was commonplace in the extreme. With Minnie I could rattle on and pay compliments and laugh and feel not a whit embarrassment. But—with Mildred!

I saw her home from the theatre that night, but did not sit in the stalls to watch her play her sister's part. I hated the notion that so gentle a creature should be compelled to exhibit herself on the stage, and I know I should have writhed in agony at the spectacle. As I escorted her home, her left hand softly placed on my right fore arm, she thanked me for my consideration.

"I am glad you did not come, Mr. Smith; I meant to have asked you not. I am not born an actress, like Minnie, but of course we must live."

Yes, I thought to myself, poor child, she must live; and the thought arose from my heart, and dazzled my brain—how sweet, how inspiring to work for this dear girl, to soften and make straight her life's pathway, to persuade her to ennoble and beautify my own.

During the following week King's Bench Walk saw but little of me. Mildred looked pale and needed fresh air, and I determined that the evil effects of the footlights should be remedied by plenty of sunshine by day. We explored the suburbs of London. We trod Hampstead Heath together, the rooms of Richmond park, fed the deer in Bushey and Hyde in the Zoo. Every "find" seemed to bring forth some fresh beauty of her mind; every day made me more passionately in love. So, devoted and reckless, I told her one Sunday morning, after we had been to church at the Foundling hospital, that I couldn't live without her.

"My darling, I am not rich in worldly goods, but I have a wealth of love for you. Quit your irksome calling, be my wife."

As I covered her hand with kisses, she arose suddenly.

"Mr. Smith, are you not afraid to marry an actress?"

"So you told me before, 'and with a swift turn toward the looking-glass, she shook her hair out of its orthodox coil. Then she laughed more than ever.

"Mildred!" I cried in amazement.

"Mildred!" she answered, mockingly; "Mildred? There isn't such a person. I'm Minnie May, and I never had a sister to my own knowledge. Well" she added, seating herself on the table, "am I an actress or not Mr. Smith?"

I never answered her but rushed out of the house, and the next day moved into fresh lodgings at Brixton.

Since then I have had frequent opportunities of measuring her capacities as an actress. In fact I am going to see her play *Lady Teazle* to night. She occasionally sends me a box, for old acquaintance sake, she puts it.

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DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.

AGENT FOR THE

White Sewing Machines

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

F. G. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

OFFICE—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.

MILLINERY GOODS.

LATEST

Fall and Winter STYLES.

Fine Ruchings Yellings, Knitting Silks, Worsteds & Notions.

All orders personally or by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Prices warranted to please.

Miss E. CARSON,

In Kittredge Block Smethport, Pa.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And my work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MY SHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 5, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.

At 7 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan' 5, 1882—tf.

F. M. BALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, ETC.

Blacksmithing, Repairing, and Horseshoeing Done.

ALL KINDS OF PAINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

LIVERY

and

Exchange Stables

At The Bennett House Barn.

G. R. & C. H. MOORE, Proprietors.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

Specht & Snase,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls handed in their previous.

All kinds of Job Work done at this office.

Business Cards.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

S. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

E. S. LARTWELL, - Prop't.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates Reasonable.

PICARD'S HOTEL,

MAIN STREET,

Smethport, - Pa.

M. H. PICARD. - Proprietor.

RATES REASONABLE.

This hotel stands nearly opposite the Court House, and is furnished throughout with all the conveniences of a first class house. A well stocked and well kept bar is connected with the House. tf-47

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. SOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the travelling public.

BENTON HOUSE.

Larrabees, Pa.

F. J. VICKERY, - Prop'r.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR

The above House has been recently Refitted, Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

380 Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.,

Opposite the E. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ED. SEIL, - - - Proprietor

AKIN HOUSE,

No. 6, Washington St.,

BRADFORD, PA.,

MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

Terms, $1 Per Day

Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House. xvi1881f

Pierce House,

(Near B., R. & A. & R. R. Depot.)

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

A. H. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Restaurant, Lunch Counter and Billiard Parlors connected. Everything new, House having been just completed. Charges very reasonable. Pleasant

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. Seneca and Wells Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

SCOTT HOUSE

E. L. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR,

Port Allegany, Pa.

Physicians.

E. G. BROWN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE: Rooms No. 12 and 13, Grand Central.

SMETHPORT, PA.

S. D. FREEMAN,

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours from 12 to 2 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Bodine Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WELLSBOROUGH, Penn'a, Feb'y 15, 1881.

All persons are hereby cautioned against giving upon the unsold lands of the estate without proper authority therefor. An unauthorized entry upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, or will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The deeds give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases between them and the lands whose their lessees. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidences, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

M-ar15-tf.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1882.

H. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

GEN. Beaver says he is satisfied, and we have no doubt Pattison can say the same. But what about Stewart.

MANY people believe the next Democratic Presidential nomination lies between Grover Cleveland and Ben Butler. When we learn who the *Era* will support we can tell who will be elected. It will be the other fellow.

ALL the newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific could not have won the recent election. Ben Butler was made Governor of Massachusetts in spite of the opposition of the ablest and best papers in the Bay State. And thus it was in every quarter.

THAT there will be a grand rush for the minor offices "on the hill" at Harrisburg after the inauguration of the newly elected state officers no one questions. We have no doubt that there will be a general clean out and that the democratic principle that to the victors belong the spoils will be fully carried out.

THURLOW WEED who has for some time been lying very ill at his home, is, we are pleased to notice, recovering, and strong hopes are entertained that the old man may be spared some years yet, in the language of Burns "to show what good men are."

IN THE Bradford *Star* of the 14th inst. appears an editorial of more than a column in length which is devoted exclusively to Law Emery, and visits on him a castigation, while terribly severe, is truthful in every respect and has been well merited by the recreant secretator in his late disreputable political escapade. Mr. Emery may be a great man no doubt is such in his own opinion but he must learn sooner or later that the creature is always less than the creator, and although a senator, even he amounts to but little in the estimation of his constituents when he deliberately plans to betray them or disregard their known wishes. Mr. Emery has succeeded in putting a most effectual political head on himself, and there are few if any left who will regret that he has done so.

THE republican party has been defeated almost everywhere, and it is neither to be wondered at or regretted. If now, the leaders of the party cannot see the rock on which they split, they at least cannot conceal from themselves the fact that the people see it, and, seeing it, have determined that it shall no longer encumber and endanger the channel through which the republican ship is to sail to triumph and control. Past differences must be thrown overboard—they only existed between a few individuals—and over they will go if with them goes every heretofore recognized leader of either faction of the party. The masses which compose the party are not divided, and they are able to, and will select leaders from their ranks who will lead the party to that victory, which, united, cannot be wrested from them.

McKEAN county, unlike the other counties of the state in which the oil belt has been largely developed will not retrograde as the others have done, even after her apparently inexhaustible reservoir of petroleum has been drained to the last barrel, although that time is yet far beyond calculation, and in all probability will not be seen by any of her citizens now alive, from the fact that her stores of the precious fluid are yielded up far more reluctantly than the others were, and her area of prolific territory is many times as great. But suppose that we should live to see this incalculable wealth of oil exhausted, is it reasonable that with the fields of coal within our borders, the tens of thousands of acres of valuable timber we possess, and the net work of railroads that traverse the county in all directions, that the development of the county for her other minerals or her agricultural advantages would cease or be noticeably diminished? No county in this or any adjoining state is the superior of McKean as a grazing or stock raising section, and the fact that its development in these respects has been slow, is easily accounted for on the ground that her hills and valleys were not accessible by railroad. This objection, however is gone never to return, as now there is not a valley of any consequence in the county or a mountain either, which does not furnish the bed for a railroad that is overworked by the immense traffic of to-day. The sell on the hills and in the valleys is fertile, as is conclusively proved by the heavy growth of the most valuable classes of timber, and the harvest yields of the cultivated portion. The county, which has heretofore maintained a meagre population, now finds itself with an active, energetic people numbering more than fifty thousand, and as the people and their wants increase, the abilities and the manner of supplying them must be correspondingly increased, and these necessities will in the end make McKean one of the most thrifty as well as one of the pleasantest counties of the state. Its climate is not excelled in any of the eastern states, while its wild and romantic mountain scenery offers all the inducements to the pleasure seeker of the Adirondacks themselves. McKean is just in the first down of her prosperity, and we predict that before many decades have come and gone will be one of the most delightful places of residence in the whole country.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has recently decided that a note made payable in gold or its equivilent, must be so paid, notwithstanding any legal tender notions or former decisions that may exist. The payment of a note and the interest thereon, is a contract which must be fulfilled to the letter.

This movement recently inaugurated by a large number of producers in McKean county, to establish a Producers Oil Exchange in Bradford, has been made necessary by the narrow views and arbitrary rules of the Oil Exchange as at present managed, and is likely very soon to not only bring the old institution to terms regarding the admission of producers to the floor of the exchange, but to materially reduce the value of stock shares of that corporation. That every producer is interested, more or less in the fluctuations of the market from day to day is plain to every one, and when the board of management decided to close the gallery to all but a favored few they took the proper course to compel the producers and outside speculators to band together and form an Exchange of their own in which they could have all the machinery and advantages of a market. The producers in their move toward forming an Exchange association have acted wisely in allowing but one share of stock to each individual subscriber, and, if this is adhered to, will prevent a repetition of the monopolistic oppression which has compelled the outsiders to adopt their present course. On Monday last a subscription paper was circulated, and in a short time one hundred and forty names, many of them as prominent as any in the oil country, and all of them backed by capital sufficient to successfully carry forward the project were appended to it. When this Exchange is organized, incorporated and put in running order for the transaction of business, it will have the effect either to reduce the price of stock in the old concern or bring their own up to a par with it. No doubt this movement will meet with considerable opposition from the officers and members of the present Exchange, but the names that appear in connection with the enterprise are sufficient to ensure its success. In connection with the Producers Exchange a proposition is also on foot to establish another bank with a cash capital of $200,000, which is needed, not because the banks now in operation there are doubtful or unsound, but because they are not able to do the business or give the accommodation required.

LOS ANGELES in California promises a new oil field, but it won't compare to the loss Cherry Grove, Pa., suggests which the name is mentioned to Pennsylvania oil men.

Governor Hoyt Should Resign

"An honest confession is good for the soul" only when it is followed by explanation and repentance, and if wrong has been done to any one, by speedy reparation. When Henry H. Hoyt took the oath of office as Chief Magistrate of this commonwealth he promised to obey the Constitution and the laws, and to administer his office with fidelity. Has he done so? He may not have been a par dom broker, may not have committed all the offenses against law and morality with which he was charged in the campaign, may not have pronounced to office the vicious and depraved from personal motives, may not by an immoral and intemperative life have crimsoned the cheeks of his fellow citizens with shame, but has he performed the duties of his high office with fidelity. And if we make bold to say that he has not where do we call as witness to what facts do we point as proofs. On the eve of election, at the close of a campaign filled with bitterness, when men's nerves were strung to the highest tension, and when the public pulse was quivering with excitement, at a time when cowards shrink to the rear and the bully forgot his boldness, Henry M. Hoyt, the Chief Executive of this great common wealth, rushed into print with a letter the most abject, and directed to a man whom by word and speech had treated him with a profound contempt who in the facts now plainly demonstrate he only too well deserved. Public criminals confess their crimes only under pressure of some supreme danger. What the pressure was that induced Henry M. Hoyt to confess his unfaithfulness to the people of the state, Henry M. Hoyt best knows. With that we have now nothing to do. But has he been faithful as a public officer, has he administered the laws for the public good, have the interests of all the people been the end and aim of his administration? If an affirmative answer cannot be given, then has he been unfaithful and violated his oath of office. Let Henry M. Hoyt answer. In his letter to Wharton Baker he says

"When I reflect upon the insulting methods applied to myself by means of threat, intrigue and bad faith, I reminisce of Cardinal Wordsey's regrets, that if he had only served his God with half the zeal he served the King."

What crime against public law or public justice has he committed that he was thus compelled to submit to "insulting methods," to "threats" and intrigue and bad faith. "Cowards one makes cowards of us all." Was it an awakened conscience that drove him to this public and humiliating confession. Again, Henry M. Hoyt is not happy in his illustration. Cardinal Wodsey, notwithstanding his high office, was a thief. He robbed the the state, he despoiled the treasury, he starved the soldiers of his King, and his private life, considering his eminence, was a shame and a scandal even in those days of corruption. But he, like all wrong doers, took the fatal step, and Henry the VIII promptly and properly humiliated him. He had a bad master, and in that he may have found some excuse, but the world agrees that his punishment was deserved, and none too light. What in the history of this criminal cardinal minister does Henry M. Hoyt find to remind him of his own fallen greatness? Surely he had no master. He was the executive, not the king that pranced about the halls of the Lechiel. If his conscience was void of offense, why should he not have done that which was honest, and true, and right, and kept his oath, in the face of "insults" and "threats" and bad faith.

No Henry H. Hoyt, confessing his weakness, his unfitness, his violation of the most solemn obligation, should resign. Repentance should be followed by reparation. A confessedly faithful public official should hide himself behind a resignation, or he should keep his confessions to himself in the interest of public decency.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Are We a Christian People?

This short interrogatory, it seems the *Inquirer*, is frequently answered in the negative in these latter days. Atheists and agnostics repeatedly affirm that christianity is dying out and that we are not wanting persons who believe, or pretend to believe, that before the close of the nineteenth century it will have sunk into oblivion. Unbelievers who have really some claims to be called "rational" think that christianity will always exist as a beautiful myth, but that it will cease to be a loved and honored creed. Like the young sceptic in Goldsmith's poem, they hold that the Bible will remain in future ages as an interesting collection of oriental imagery, ethical maxims and ancient narratives, historic and fabulous. But that it will always exist in the heart and mind of humanity as an inspired record, a divinely filled store house, a sacred witness of the Triune God and His love for all His creatures, is again and again denied by the so called "advanced thinkers," who predict that the religion of Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, is destined to rank among antiquated superstitions. The ceaseless reiteration of these fallacies has unfortunately produced a powerful effect upon despondent christians, and what is hoped for by vociferous unbelievers is feared by many pious, though deluded men and women. It is vain to reply to these attacks by merely resorting to positive assertion and specious generalities, the favorite weapons of the antagonists of christianity. Let us pause and examine figures, which, as every one knows, are proverbial for their veracity. Statistics affording a fair approximate of the annual contributions of religious bodies have lately been published, from which it appears that the churches of the United States expend $106,632,000 per year. Of this sum $31,259,140 is devoted entirely to benevolent purposes, the remainder being set apart for congregational use.

First come the various Methodist bodies. Their total contributions amount to $32,100,000, or $6 per member, and $5,000,000 are devoted to benevolent objects.

The Roman Catholic church it is estimated, makes an annual expenditure of $30,000,000, or $3 per capita, one quarter of which is applied to benevolent purposes. Next in rank comes the Protestant Episcopal church, her annual contribution being gathering $15 per cent, or $11 per individual member. Nearly half this sum or $7,311,794 is bestowed upon objects of benevolence.

Closely following the Episcopalians appear the Baptists with $4,000,000 appended for benevolent purposes. Twelve millions, or $3 per capita is the calculated contribution of the Presbyterians and $4,000,000 are consecrated for benevolent purposes.

The annual outlay of the congregations of state is $5 per cent, or $3 per capita and $1,227,316 are set down to home debt account. Four and a half millions of dollars, or $6 per capita, is furnished by the Lutherans, and $1,500,000 is applied to benevolent purposes. The Jews raise $1,000,000, or $125 per capita and donate $200,000 to benevolence. It must, however, be remembered that only the male head of a Jewish family is considered a member of the synagogue. The Dutch Reformed church is believed to annually contribute $1,250,000, or $15 per capita, and to apply $750,000 to benevolent purposes. All other bodies make an annual contribution, so far as can be ascertained, of $10 per cent, or $7 per capita and bestow a quarter of the sum upon benevolent objects. Large as the sums to which we have referred are, he who supposes that they represent the total contributions of American church members commits a most egregious blunder. The amount of simple unostentatious charity done in secret by the religious men and women in our land is enormous in its extent, and can only be appreciated by the Father who seeth in secret, and in His own good time will reward it openly. Gifts of food, clothes and money are constantly being made, and if their total value could be ascertained, or even remotely estimated, it would swell the list we have been examining to far greater proportions. Taken as a whole, these statistics clash and jar very heavily against the cry that religion is rapidly taking its place among things that were. Certainly figures, such as we have quoted, should leave some impression on the minds of those who call themselves "materialists."

New Issues.

Representative Carlisle of Kentucky an advanced free trader, has quietly entered the contest as a candidate for the Speakership of the next house. Mr. Sam Randall, of Pennsylvania, protectionist, is also a candidate for the place, but the chances favor Carlisle who represents the stronger tendency in his party.

One of the many rocks that threaten democratic unity during the next two years is this very tariff question which already protrudes itself into the canvass for the speakership. That contest will not culminate until December, 1883, when the 48th congress will meet for the first time unless there should be a special session called, meanwhile, the struggle will be waged within their party ranks on the lines so sharply drawn by the two leading candidates, and events during the coming session of the present congress may easily tend to force the tariff issue on the country in a way that will prove embarrassing to the democracy. The conflicting opinions within their ranks which they may once more try to harmonize as a matter of "practical politics," are indicated by the emphatic remark of Mr. Pattison, the newly elected governor of Pennsylvania, that "the man who raises his hand against the industries of the state by advocating free trade, had better hang a millstone about his neck and jump into the sea." Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A GOOD many people in every part of the country are prepared to give quite as much prominence to the question of the supremacy of Pennsylvania in the politics of the nation as to that of the supremacy of the south. We have had a pretty long experience of the former under both parties, and the results are not encouraging. It would not be a serious risk to try a southern man like Mr. Carlisle in preference to one whose horizon is bounded by the chimneys of the Bessemer Steel Works of Pennsylvania.—New York Times.

The Defeat

We suppose it is idle to speculate over the late political whirlwind or "cry for spilt milk." The result is full of surprises. Hardly any one suspected New York to give Cleveland 190,000 majority, though most people supposed he might be elected. And very few supposed old Puritanic Massachusetts would put her republicanism and traditions so far behind her as to elect Ben Butler "great Butler," as the democrats delighted to call him when running with the republicans as Governor of that old state. No "class rule" was complained of there or in many Western states. The time to expect political changes is in a panic or depression of business. Hard times for work and bread make voters want a "change" of some sort. Yet now when the good flush times are still upon us, the republican party that brought good times here to stay, is well nigh hurled from power. Why is this? Because the republicans have filled the vaults of the National and state treasuries with money, do the voters think they must put the democratic Ben. Butlers in to steal it?

Fortunately while it is a republican defeat, it is not a democratic victory. We pulled down our own house. This sort of fun may tickle the democracy, but they can't take much credit to themselves for the job. Whether the wreck is to remain a wreck, depends on the republicans themselves. We think they should fight the common enemy and not each other. If mutinous would-be leaders don't agree to this, put them out neck and heels. Senator Ben. Harrison, of Indiana, hit it pretty squarely the other day when interviewed on this subject. He said

It is clear that one thing must be done by republicans if we are to succeed in the next contest, which will soon be upon us. The party must get together. It is nonsense to talk about trying to win a fight with our ranks divided into how the factions. We have little patience with those people who are now laying the blame at the door of one set of leaders or the other. It does not matter whose fault it is the least said about that the better, recriminations will only add fuel to the flame, we were all in it together and let's all take the blame, unite our forces and get into line for the next battle.—Warren Mail.

Thoroughly Tried.

After many years of experience in my own family and upon my horses and cattle I am constrained to say that Parmelee's Universal Liniment is the most complete remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Sore Throat, &c., in the Human family and of Bone Spavin, Sweeney, Ringbone, Bruises, on Horses, Caked Bag, Sore Teats, &c., on Cattle that I have ever known and take pleasure in recommending to others. Large bottles 50 cts, common size 25 cts. Sold by A. Armstrong.

—LOOK FOR—

L. W. Mason's

—special Prices on—

General Hardware,

STOVES AND TINWARE,

Housekeepers' Hardware,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

In This Space NEXT WEEK.

P. S. I have the Best Tinner in the County, and He Mistake

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDEVENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his barber shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

E. B. FREEMAN,

General

Insurance Agent,

Office over Richmond's Drug Store.

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICIES.

New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but first material used. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.

SMETHPORT March 10, 1881.—tf

J. C. HAMLIN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

GRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,

OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

WAGON.

Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,

MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.

HORSESHOEING!

A SPECIALTY.

The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

Bad Feet!

All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

Smethport

SASH FACTORY!

Near the McKean & Buffalo Depot.

Sash, Doors and Blinds,

Matching, Mouldings,

Brackets, Planing, Turning, Etc.,

On Hand and Furnished at Short Notice.

J. C. Strong, Prop'r.

A. REILLY,

Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME,

LATH,

PLASTER and

PLASTERING HAIR

Furnished at the LOWEST RATES

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF LEVARI Facias and Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1882

All that certain piece of land situate in the city of Bradford county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at S. E. corner of lot No. 4, as designated on map or plan of said lots of C. M. Newell, as surveyed by John W. Weeks; thence west 99 and 9-12 feet to corner fronting on Methuale street; thence south 140 feet to the corner; thence east 99 and 9-12 feet to a corner; thence north 140 feet to the place of beginning said piece or lot of ground hereby designated as lot No. (6) six, on said map or plan of said C. M. Newell, as surveyed with all and singular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. L. Johnson at the suit of E. S. Battles.

CHAPMAN & SON, Pff's Att'ys.

2

All the undivided two-thirds (⅔) of the working interest in the leasehold estate situate in Otto township, McKean county, Pa., being part of the Brown farm, bounded and described as follows: Being known as lot numbered (9) two in a certain plot of said Brown farm, a copy of which plot is recorded in McKean county in Mortgage Book L, at page 215, said lot being about sixty (60) perches north and south and about twenty-seven perches east and west and bounded east by land of South shore Oil Co., and containing ten acres, more or less said property having been assigned and released to Seal parties, J. A. Wilder, by deed of Short, Hitchcock & Co., dated January 26, 1878, and recorded in McKean County in Mortgage Book L, page 222, on the 4-tenth day of November, (10th) said leasehold having thereon three oil wells completed, one boiler, three engines, three tanks, ——feet of tubing and casing, —— feet of sucker rods, engine house and rigs complete, and all goods thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. S. Wardle at the suit of Short, Hitchcock & Co.

CHAPMAN & SON, Pff's Att'ys.

3

All that certain piece of land situate in the township of Otto, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake in the center line of the Bertram lot; thence north 90½ degrees west 66 rods to a stake in the southwest corner of said Bertram lot; thence north 61 degrees east 66 rods to a stake and northwest corner of Covert lot, thence south 90½ degrees east to center of said road and stake; thence southerly in a straight line to the place of beginning, containing what it may, being a part of Warrant No. 3165 and a part of the land conveyed to J. B. Woodberry by E. F. Beldin, Trustee, saving and reserving a certain small strip, same off from the west end of said above described land sold by first party to Brewster and Sheard, and about 3 acres off from the north east corner of said above described land sold by first party to F. T. Davis, said land having situate thereon two oil wells with carpenter rigs complete, 1 30 h. p. boiler, 2 15 h. p. engines, 1 250 bbl tank, 2 100 bbl tanks, 300 feet casing, 1 set tubing, (less the 3 royalty interest in the two wells situate on said land with all and singular the appurtenances

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. D. Clark at the suit of John K. Chapman, use of Peoples' Savings Bank of South East, Pa.

CHAPMAN & SON, Pff's Att'ys.

4

All that certain piece of land situated, lying and being in the township of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point or post on the N. W. corner of a certain twenty acre lease owned by D. W. Swingle & Co., adjoining the landed A. Boyd on the north, and running along the line of said A. Boyd's land in a westerly direction (by variation 3 degrees half W.), sixty-six 66 rods to a post on the N. E. corner of a fifteen acre lease owned by D. W. Swingle & Co.; thence south along line of said D. W. Swingle & Co's fifteen acre lease sixty (60) rods and one-half (½) rods to the line dividing the lands of Lamister & Lamister; thence south along said line by the courses in an easterly direction to a post on the boundary line of Sweetzer & Co.'s twenty acre lease; thence northerly along line of said Sweetzer & Co's line by acre lease (20) twenty acre rods to the boundary line of said land of A. Boyd the place of beginning, and containing seventeen acres of land, more or less, together with four oil wells thereon, four derricks, one three engines, one boiler, two rubber tanks, two receiving tanks, about two thousand feet of pipe, with fishing, casing and connections, belonging to said wells. Also the one-half (½) royalty in three other oil wells on said land, and all the defendants interest and title in and to the disputed royalty in one other oil well on said land, subject to the terms of lease between Francis A. Monell and Fletcher H. Mathews and H. P. Bates & Co., dated March 23, 1880, and the day of ——1879. Also three engines, one boiler, and part of tank-age in Tidewater Pipe Line, with all and all gular the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Y. McIntyre and D. D. White at the suit of Francis A. Monell and Fletcher H. Mathews, use of William M. Jennings.

CHAPMAN & SON, Pff's Att'ys.

5

All that certain piece of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: North by land of Mrs. Dibble, east by land of —— Hewitt, east by land of J. W. Humphrey, west by east line of Congress street, being 30 feet in width and 75 feet in depth, more or less, and having thereon one two-story wooden building and shed, &c., being known as Merchant's Hotel, No. 18, Congress street, in the city of Bradford.

Also one other piece of land being about 30 feet in width and 70 feet in depth, situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: North by land of H. J. Jacobi, east by land of Hebrew Church, east by west line of Kennedy street, and west by land of Orph in Hall Association; having thereon one two-story frame house with outbuildings, containing what it may, being premises known as No. 20, Kennedy street, in the city of Bradford, Pa.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Mack at the suit of C. B. Whitehead, use of Myra Whitehead.

STONE & WILL, Pff's Att'ys.
A. WILCOX, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 9, 1882.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Nathaniel Tyler, late of Eldred township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay, to

D. C. YOUNG, Ex'r.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 24, 1882.—6t-44.

Administrator's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Benjamin Perkins, deceased of Corydon township have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands or claims against the same will make known the same without delay to,

ISAAC PERKINS.

Ceres, Pa., Oct. 16, 1882.—6t-43.

Foreign Attachment.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county Greeting:

We command you that you summon David Pendergrass that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Smethport in and for the said county on the 3d Monday of December next, there to answer M. J. Walker and D. M. Mebbee, trading as Walker & Mebbee, of a plea in case on assumpsit, and that you attach John H. Shaver, late of [illegible] county, by all and all goods and chattels, rights and credits, monies and effects in your bailiwick belonging to the said defendant, so that he may be and appear before the said Court at the day and place aforesaid to answer what shall be objected to them and abide the judgment of the Court in the premises, and have you then and there this writ.

Witness the Honorable M. W. Williams, President Judge of our said Court at Smethport, this 20th day of October, A. D. 1882.

JOHN K. BRAWLEY, Pro'th'y.

JOHN M. AFRICA, Dep'y.

The above is a true and attested copy of the original writ in my hands.

Attest: A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

45-8t.

E. F. Richmond & Son,

Druggists and Pharmacists,

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,

And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

BEATTY'S ORGANS $65 only. PIANOS $125 to $1000. Best Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J. 38-1yr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER,

AT

PEOPLES' STORE

No. 44, Main St.

Now offering rare inducements in

BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Of Style and Quality to suit every one.

We have Better and Cheaper Goods in

Queensware, Majolica, Glass and Earthenware,

Than ever have been offered in Smethport.

A Fine Line of

CHAMBER SETS

At prices within reach of every body.

DOLMANS, CLOAKS AND SACQUES,

For Ladies and Children which will be sold very cheap.

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS,

And Ladies, Gents' and Children's Fine

ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR,

At WOODBURN'S Popular Prices.

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words (with a thousand others too numerous to mention) are all easy to spell and the article representing by each word can always be found at reprazier's (the Prize Hardware Store, and at a larger price for the same quality of goods than at any other place in the [illegible] of the states. No cutting of prices on articles which every one knows the prices of, and those wanting up by charging three prices for articles you don't know the cost of. I never learned to cheat the [illegible], "Nothing it's free, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be understood, "and don't you forget it."

Axes.	Dividers.	Ladders.	Screws.
Adzes.	Tools covers.	Latches.	Steel.
Augers.	Keg beaters.	Lanterns.	Screws.
Awls.	Elbows.	Levels.	Shovels.
Axle Grease.	Escutcheons.	Locks.	Shears.
Alabastine.	Eyes.	Locks.	Sheriffs.
Blankets.	Fishing tackle	Lemon Squeezers.	Silverware.
Bells.	Faucets.	Mallets.	Satin.
Belts.	Forks.	Mackerel.	Spoons.
Burrs.	Freezers.	Measures.	Squares.
Bolts.	Fingers.	Measures.	Spade.
Brackets.	Gimlets.	Mops.	Spade.
Brooms.	Hinges.	Nails.	Saw Spools.
Burrs.	Grindstones.	Oils.	Spices.
Bits.	Gun caps.	Oilers.	Tinware.
Bird Cages.	Gauges.	Oysters.	Tools.
Blanking.	Hammers.	Pegs.	Traps.
Bed Cords.	Hose.	Pails.	Tinware.
Bung Borers.	Hammers.	Pevers.	Tools.
Belts.	Hatchets.	Picks.	Trays.
Bed Casters.	Handles.	Pumps.	Trowels.
Claws.	Hangers.	Pistols.	Tweezers.
Carpet Bars.	Hooks.	Planes.	Tablespoons.
Cartridges.	Hinges.	Plows.	Tablespoons.
Chains.	Hooks.	Plows.	Warmers.
Catches.	Hooks.	Pulleys.	Whips.
Coffee Mills.	Hose pails.	Powder.	Well Buckets.
Casters.	Ice tools.	Pulleys.	Wood Screws.
Clamps.	Iron.	Pumps.	White Lead.
Compasses.	Irons.	Planes.	Wrenches.
Cutlery.	Keys.	Rope.	Wrappers.
Carry Combs.	Knives.	Rakes.	Wood Turning.
Cleavers.	Knobs.	Riggers.	Wire Cloth.
Clothes Lines.	Lamps.	Rivets.	Window Glass.
Copper Ware.	Lamp chimneys.	Rules.	Zinc.
Brass Ware.	Lamp chimneys.	Saws.	

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.

M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches.

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

FALL LINE OF MILLINERY,

Consisting of

Hats, Turbans, Plumes,

In every variety.

Special Value in

Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Velvets,

SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS, Etc.

Full and Choice Stock of

UNDERWEAR

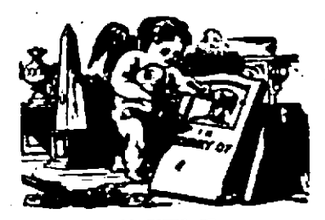
In all Grades and sizes.

TRIMMING, By an Experienced Trimmer Neatly done, at the lowest possible Rates, At

MRS. T. D. NASH'S,

53 Main St.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY,



Water Street. Smethport, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order

—100— Years New Edition. LADIES' HOME WHITE House.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1882.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Get out your skates

The melancholy days of hand-sleds have come.

There is an asylum for lunatics, take them there.

The town is full of carriages anxious to serve the people.

The legislature convenes on the first Monday in January next.

Bradford is suffering from a water famine of no small proportion.

A session of argument court will convene one week from Monday next.

—Our first Congressman at-Large.—Sunday *Mail*. Well, now Joe, what next?

Governor elect Pattison will be inaugurated on the 16th day of January next.

The transit of Venus December 6th will be a daylight performance, a sort of matinee affair.

A Bradford newspaper wants a solemn man as foreman. How lonesome he will be if they get him.

—The entire vote for Hon. A. G. Olmsted for Additional Law Judge in the district was 9,890.

Vennor doesn't know anything more about the weather than a hog does about a holiday, so there.

—What will you do for water if the winter sets in without first soaking the earth with rains or otherwise?

The MINER has the best machinery and facilities for doing book and job work of any office in McKean county.

—Preserve the election table in this issue for future reference, as it is the only official one published in the county

—Oil is playing along between twenty-five and thirty cents with strong indications of better figures in the near future.

A fight occurred at the B. N. Y. & P. station Monday night in which Frank McCabe got pretty badly used up. No arrests.

Two foot races have grown out of the last fall horse races already, which naturally causes to ask whither are we drifting.

When the boys come down from college-town to spend an evening in town, they make it lively for the natives while they stay.

—Miller, republican, was re-elected to congress from the twenty sixth district, composed of Crawford, Venango and Butler Counties.

—Fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed to the capital stock of the Producers Petroleum Exchange at Bradford. Enough.

—On Tuesday the winter campaign against deer was inaugurated by our hunters, the snow making it possible to follow a track.

—Workmen have been busy during the week putting in place the pipe organ recently purchased by St. Lukes Episcopal congregation.

—Wild geese have been improving their time during the week in moving to their summer residences down along the Chesapeake Bay.

A statement to the effect that the C. & P. A. road was making $100 per day is denied by the P. A. *Reporter*, but how does editor Huges know?

A lunatic was brought to jail Tuesday by a Sergeant township constable, but the turnkey refused to receive him, under orders from the sheriff.

—It may be set down as a fact that the proposed car works at Bradford will never be built. The people have not time to encourage manufactures.

Wednesday afternoon a benefit matinee was given at the Gem Theatre, Bradford, to aid the family of fireman Fairbanks who died there last week.

A man named Seth Pond suicided near Corry last week, all because his daughter spent a few cents in buying a piece of ribbon. Such men can be spared.

—The railroad accident detailed in another column will make people feel a little nervous hereafter when crossing the many trestels of the narrow gauges hereafter.

—The late fatal accident on the B. E. & C. narrow gague is bringing out many opinions from civil engineers and others more or less acquainted with mechanics and railroading.

—Sunday excursion trains will be run regularly on the Bradford branch of the Erie road to the Kinzua Bridge. The trains cross the bridge and stop immediately on the other side.

—One wild goose only, of all the flocks that have passed over in this vicinity this fall has been captured, and that one fell before the steady hand of Will Dutcher, of Marvin Creek on Monday.

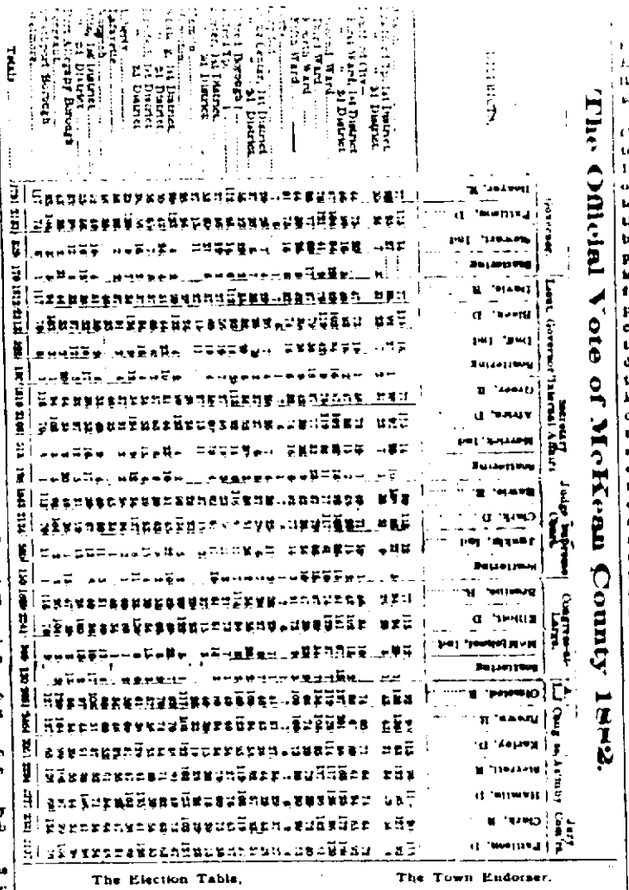
—If the basins of the Court yard fountains were covered over to prevent the snow and water from accumulating in them it would probably save them from being burst by the frost that will come by-and-by.

—A clearing house has been opened in connection with the Bradford Oil Exchange. Let us hope it will clear the crowd of loafers out of the hall so that persons who have business can go to the telegraph office or up stairs

—The board of directors of the Oil Exchange, Bradford, have determined to charge an admission fee hereafter to those who sit day after day in the gallery. If they would extend it to those who block up the entrance way, all the people would say amen.

One Oil Exchange is not enough for Bradford and an association has been formed to provide another. This is creating considerable stir among the members of the old Exchange, but their short sighted avariciousness has brought this on them and they will have to grin and bear it.

On the farm of John Stoddard at Farmers Valley is a drove of one hundred turkeys all ready for thanksgiving. Such a drove of these birds is seldom seen in this neighborhood and hotel keepers and projectors of shooting matches will do well to have an eye in Mr. Stoddards direction if they want to secure the necessary fowls for the coming national feast day.



The Election Table.

Herewith we present the readers of the MINER with a statement of the vote polled at the late election which is absolutely correct, and which all who are interested therein should preserve for future reference. As the count was not concluded by the judges until near eleven o'clock last Friday night, it was impossible to secure the table in time for publication last week, and we preferred, and took it for granted that our readers would also prefer that its publication should be delayed one issue rather than impose an imperfect statement upon the people, such as our contemporary around the corner, and some other unreliable papers in the neighborhood did. The vote for the Prohibition and Labor ticket is given under the head of scattering, as they were so insignificantly small as to amount to little or nothing in the calculations to be made, and are likely to appear smaller from year to year until they entirely disappear.

Port Allegany Hooks.

The first annual reception of the Arnold Hook and Ladder Company of Port Allegany will be tendered at the Palmer House in that borough on Friday Eve. Nov. 24th inst. Their cards of invitation, emblazoned with emblems of their profession age out and if the people do what they should the boys will have a pleasant and profitable time. The company is a new one, but the material of which it is composed gives positive promise of the good service this organization will render, should the people of Port Allegany ever have the misfortune to need their assistance.

The Smethport High School.

Professor A. W. Sullivan's report of the High School for the month ending November 2 is certainly a gratifying one, and should encourage parents as well as children to greater exertion in making this department of our schools what it should be—second to none of its rank in the State.

The whole number of pupils enrolled in the High School department is 79, of whom 49 are females and 30 males, with an average attendance of females 95 and males 92 per cent.

The Professor reports a gratifying improvement in the way of prompt attendence and close application to studies, which, of course, is followed, as always, by a similar improvement in all the branches pursued. Mr. Sullivan says in closing his statement to us, "At the close of the term we shall give a full report, so the people may know just what we have done."

Personal.

Mrs. J. H. Gray went over to Bradford Tuesday on a business visit.

Mrs. King and Miss Dora Beck with arrived here from Oakdale, Neb. a few days since.

Isaac Baker of this Bgrough has gone to Port Allegany to take charge of Lusby & Arnold's mill.

T. D. and Mrs. Nash have been to Buffalo during the week in search of novelties in their line of goods.

A. J. Wheeler of Deposit, N. Y. one of the MINER'S oldest subscribers has been in town several days during the week.

Mrs. Odell who resides in the MINER building has purchased an organ and now we are filled with music from above.

W. A. and Mrs. Lillian Whitner of Ceres, N. Y. were visiting Will F. and Mrs. Peck in Smethport, over the Sabbath.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless, rector of St. Lukes Episcopal church leaves on Monday afternoon next for Florida where he will spend the winter months.

H. L. Burlingame has accepted the agency of the "Accident and Life Insurance Co. of North America, and has entered on the duty of introducing this old and reliable company in this section.

Col. Ege of Bradford is said to have realized homsomely by the late advance in the oil market, one Bradford citizen estimating the Col's profit at $100,000. A fortune could not go into the hands of a more generous man.

Joe Bensinger of Bradford called at the MINER office Tuesday and gave us an approving smile. Joe is traversing the county in the interest of Ruslander the clothier, acquainting the people with their manner of doing business.

Church Services.

Services at St. Lukes Church next Sunday (Nov. 19th) at 8:30 a. m. (Holy Communion) at 10:30, and at 7 p. m. The Rev. Wm. Marvin Jones will officiate.

The Town Endorser.

A good story is told of the late Benjamin Haywood of Pottsville, Pa., who was known as one of the most generous and accommodating men of his time.

One day a farmer, who had never had occasion to do business with banks, and who had not the most remote idea of how their business is done, came to Pottsville to borrow three hundred dollars, a neighbor having told him that he could get the money at the bank on his note.

Going to the banker, Mr. Huntzinger, he told him that he needed the money, had a farm in the county and had been told that he would lend him the money on his note.

"Yes, yes, that's all right, but you must have the name of an endorser, you know."

This puzzled the honest farmer a moment, but with characteristic honesty he ventured to ask

"Who is the endorser in this town?"

"Why Benny Haywood. Just go down to Benny Haywood's office and get him to endorse your note," responded the banker, with a twinkle of mischief in his eye.

Out went the farmer to Mr. Haywood's office, and finding that gentleman in, told him he wanted to get some money at the bank, but found that his note would have to be endorsed and he had been directed to him as the "town endorser," by Mr. Huntzinger, the banker.

"Yes, that's all right, where is your note?" said Mr. Haywood, and taking it, appended his name thereto, making it good as a gold certificate.

This was characteristic of Mr. Haywood, who in his lifetime did more, perhaps, to assist those in need, and to encourage schools and religious societies than any other individual in Schuylkill county, and, indeed, so well known had his benevolence become that he was frequently spoken of as the town endorser

His Proved an Alibi.

Last Saturday O. C. Carpenter of Spearsburg in Sorwich township caused the arrest of Fred Aldrich, of the same place, charging him with malicious mischief, and with the larceny of $7 worth of harness rings—ivory and celluloid—three log-chains, one set of whiffletrees, one neck-yoke, the burrs of four trucks and other articles, sometime between the hours of 9:30 and 10:30 p. m. last Friday. It appears that in a settlement made sometime since between the parties named, a dissatisfaction arose, and from what was said by Aldrich at the time about getting even &c., Carpenter thought he had sufficient grounds for his suspicion and therefore caused his arrest and Saturday evening brought him before O. M. Smith Esq. The time not being sufficient to close the examination Saturday, and Aldrich being unable to procure bail, was committed to jail till Monday when he was again brought before the justice, when, after the examination of near a dozen witnesses, the defendant was discharged, having established a complete *alibi*.

The arrest of Aldrich caused a good deal of feeling among his fellow workmen, and when they had secured his release they went on a little jollification which gave to the town, for a time, the appearance of a new oil town in the first flush of prosperity. Aldrich now declares his intention to prosecute Carpenter for false imprisonment, and the end is perhaps not yet.

For Sale.

One of the best, if not the very best farm in McKean County, situated two and one half miles from the County seat in a pleasant and productive valley, containing TWO HUNDRED ACRES. One-half improved and one half in woodland principally "sugar bush." Three hundred grafted apple trees in bearing; a pear orchard, plums, cherries, etc., a spring brook running through the centre of the farm with a number of good living springs, good buildings, dwelling, barns, corn house, milk house, etc.

Will be sold to a good party on liberal terms giving ample time Apply or address ANDREW REILLY,

Smethport, Pa.

"Ladies' Tonic."

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY is prepared by the WOMEN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE OF BUFFALO, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice FREE. Send stamp for names of those who have been CURED,

The Official Vote of McKean County 1882.

The Little Watches.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This 25 cent piece has notches filed in it and they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Absurd," said the old man, "Absurd," and he took up the 50 cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you wont take it on account of the holes. Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant playing. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early in the morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No. Well, he used to come a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgetfully looked at her fifty cents. "What are you doing?" asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: "Papa, lean over." I leaned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: "Papa, take care of my watch." The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. "Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.

Pansy's Consolation.

'Welcome back to Dapplevale,'

'Thank you kindly for that, Ingomar,' replied Pansy Parkins, as she stepped from the train and placed her dimpled hand in that of Ingomar McCloskey. And then they walked away, arm-in-arm, from the little depot that nestled so cosily among the cloud topped hills, exchanging friendly greetings now and then with the villagers who had known them both from infancy. They were a handsome pair, these two—he tall, strong-limbed, and with a mass of sunnily-gold hair that bespoke his Saxon lineage; she a shapely brunette, with great brown eyes, whose dusky glow had witched the heart of many a man, while below them were demask cheeks, given a wine-red tinge by the warm blood that flowed beneath their peachy bloom.

But as they neared the village church yard the laughing eyes grew sad and the velvety lips were no longer the portals from which came laughter and on which sat sunny smiles. Entering through the little gate, kissed on either side by the branches of weeping willows that loving hands had placed in the years agone, Pansy turned to the left and was soon standing beside a little grave over which the starry-hued violets, the white faced daisies, and the golden lined daffodils were growing. Plucking a few of the flowers, she stood a moment in silence and when she turned to Ingomar, he saw that the brown eyes were suffused with tears.

'It is my sister's grave,' she said, 'my sister who is now an angel. Had she lived we would been so happy together, so happy'—and again the tears began to flow.

'Do not cry, darling,' said Ingomar, drawing her more closely to him. 'Grief is of no avail, and your sister died two years before you were born.'

'I know that,' replied the girl, 'but if she had only lived how I should have loved her.'

'It is all for the best, sweetheart,' he said, 'for you know the oldest girl in the family always wears the sealskin sacque.'

'You are right,' said the girl, wiping away the tears. 'Heaven is indeed kind to New Yorkers.'—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

Why Suffer?

With Dyspepsia when Parmelee's Dyspepsia, Diabetes Kidney and Liver Cure will work wonders, relieving you at once. Do not wait till Dyspepsia has overcome and Diabetes has taken full possession of your body but remember that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This fine preparation will also tone up the kidneys and liver and cleanse the system of all impurities. Price $1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Burdette in Pittsburg.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

"Eastward go, westward ho, everybody takes the B. & O." from Pittsburg to Connellsville. At least I did, and I am the only everybody interested in this trip. It is a pleasant run all the way down or up, as the case may be. I think it is up. About ten miles out of Pittsburg we reach Braddock, a town of twenty-five hundred people, more or less, and the run is the old Braddock battle ground. Braddock was an English General, you may remember. He came over here as long ago as 1775. By that time the good Indians on William Penn's reservation were celebrating their bi centennial in advance with the most thrilling and startling tableau whenever they caught a white man out alone. It was necessary that the red brother should be licked clear out of his moccasins, and Braddock thought he was the man who could do it. He came over here with an Englishman's idea about America, and thought New York and San Francisco were nearer each other than Wappington-New-Half-Market, Old Street Stairs, St. Trevenor's Terrace, City Road, Illiswish Cross Station, Chorercester Square, is to Iffington-Iffington on Walshingham-Walshingham. He intended to spend a few days in this country and then go home and write a book about it. Poor Brad. He never wrote that book, although he furnished material for it. He came out here, crossed the Youghiogheny river at Connellsville, came on up to Braddock station, and then and there the wild men of the woods and a lot of French fell upon him in the ravines and hills of the Monongahela, and they encompassed him round about, and entreated him roughly and smote him that he died, and raised lumps all over his arms. It was a dreadfully successful surprise party. From the wooded sides of the steep hills there suddenly broke volley upon volley of rattling musketry, mingling with the frightful war whoops of the savages. The men war whoops in those days. Braddock's regulars, numbering one thousand, fought this unseen foe for three hours, vainly endeavoring to employ regular tactics and European methods against an enemy that only fought to hurt and shoot to kill regardless of the regularity of the thing. Washington's Virginians George was along—saved the army from total destruction by fighting the Indians in their own way, and checking comparatively the small body of men that were doing all this fighting. Sir John St. Clair was wounded, Sir Peter Halket was killed, Braddock had five horses killed under him, and was at last struck from the saddle by a mortal wound, shot by one of his own panic stricken regulars. Sixty-three officers and 714 were left in three dark ravines when Washington led that shattered remnant of the army back home. Braddock died about six days after the battle, somewhere near Fort Necessity, and was buried in the road at midnight, Washington reading the burial service. Some of Braddock, I believe, is still buried near Fort Necessity, and the rest of him the genial American relic hunters stole.

Connellsville is a live town on the Youghiogheny, and it burns coke for all creation, runs a full band of nineteen, goes to eight good churches, puts up at the Smith house, always, manufactures a heap of wooden goods. I think it has a paper mill, is surrounded with beautiful scenery. Some of the views from the great ridge that towers above the busy town is very famous. The soft yellow sandstone in these ridges is worn and cut by time and the weather in curious and picturesque shapes.

Old Ephriam Connell started this town ninety two years ago. And Col. William Crawford used to live here. He was the same Colonel Crawford who was captured by the Ohio Indians near Sandusky, and put to death with such terrible tortures. Ohio never was much of a State for Pennsylvanians. Maine is their best "mark" when they emigrate. Blaine is a Pennsylvanian, born down here in Washington county. He had too much sense to go to Ohio, after Colonel Crawford's experience.

It is the land of coke. From Connellsville we run past a few thousand miles of coke ovens along the line of the Southwest Pennsylvania railroad. The fires glare and glow with a strange effect against the background of brown fields and green forests, for the trees are scarcely touched by the frost. Along the trainway on top of the ovens, past the columns of flame and smoke that leap up beside him, the patient, much enduring, long suffering mule holds his steady way, hauling a few tons of coal—as much as the car can stand at a load. The mule is never overloaded. Oh, no. Nobody ever worries about putting on more coal than the mule can haul. But the capacity of the car is limited, and it must not be loaded beyond a certain extent.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, I, too, would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A bay mule. One of these sad eyed old fellows that lean back in the bewching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and my head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods, a crate of stoneware and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi six weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the *smash*, I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heighthts, that smile above the silver flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.

Not many miles out of Connellsville we run past a tract where an earthquake has evidently been prospecting for coke coal. The ground is scooped up and dug out in a thousand directions, and beats an Arizona mining camp for dips, spurs, leads, angles and sinuosities. It is very charming, this broken country, with the

the greater wealth of coal under it. They cultivate both sides of a hill, top and bottom, for the coal begins growing where the corn stops.

Pleasantly familiar this land is, too. I see a face I know at Scottdale and catch a wave of the hand that fills me with a cheery sense of welcome. I have told you all about these coke ovens and the mines at Scottdale, long ago. And as we near the next station the brakeman shouts "Hawkeye," and I half expect him to shriek "copy!" And so through twenty-four miles of winding creeks and swelling hills, from fields and glowing coke ovens until we reach Greensburg, where I look out and wonder if Judge Hunter is home, and wish I could just step off the train and find him. But the train on the main line comes roaring along like a great monster, and snatches us up and runs away with us and lands ur in a mist of rain and smoke and soot and noise and roaring flames and clanking hammers, and we are once more in Pittsburg.

The Trial of Arabi.

LONDON, November 6.—In the Commons yesterday Sir Stafford Northcote gave notice of a motion calling for the question of the employment of English troops in Egypt, and stating that the House was entitled to fuller information as to the Government's policy and also to the estimated cost of the war. Sir Charles Dilke, replying to the question of Bourke, said the Egyptian Government was solely responsible for all charges preferred against Arabi Pasha. Gladstone, answering further questions by Bourke, informed the House that Arabi Pasha occupied the status of a prisoner who had surrendered unconditionally; that when the war ceased municipal law came into operation, taking the place of martial law. Arabi was therefore being tried, very properly, under municipal law.

In the meantime Arabi is shut up with his colleagues and satellites in a large public building in the European quarters of Cairo. He is watched by Circassian guards, who occupy the interior of the house, while a company of Grenadier Guards stand sentry at every possible ex it from the extemporized prison.

Arabi now presents a striking contrast to the tall, erect horseman who on the 9th of September, 1881, rode, sword in hand, up to the Khedive, who stood at the foot of the palace steps of Abdin. Surrounded by four batteries of Krupp guns and 9,000 troops the Khedive was a prisoner in his place. The Arabi victorious and triumphant was a large, very dark, powerfully built man, with elastic step, and commanding presence.

The Arabi of to day is a pale coffee colored, bloated and haggard fellah. His eyes have lost their brilliancy and extraordinary power. His hair, instead of being raven black, is streaked with gray. His once black but now gray mustache is reinforced by a stubbly, streaked beard. He stoops and walks with a shuffling, uncertain step. He passes his time in praying and washing—two inseparable rituals of Islam. He also suffers from a severe attack of diarrhoea. He has in his room a large silver basin, and a pitcher with a long nose like a teapot. He constantly pours water, which is scented, over his hands.

Modern Red Riding Hoods

The subject of this sketch was a clever little girl, who derived her odd name from wearing on her head the sleeve of one of her father's red flannel shirts. She was an independent little piece, and when asked why her mother didn't buy her a new bonnet, and she would "just sleeve wear what she had on." When one of the neighbor's children sneering ly said, 'Your pa gets drunk,' Little Red Riding Hood responded, 'Your Pa would too, but he can't afford it,' and when the next door boy ill naturedly said, 'Your mother takes in washing,' Riding Hood answered, 'She don't take in much when your mother gets the first whack at the line.'

It will be seen from these incidents in her life that though little read, she was posted, and the confidence with which her mother despatched her to carry codfish balls down into Bloom tow nship to her sick grandmother is easily understood.

Holding the lead dime, which her mother had given her for car fare, tightly in her hand, Little Red Riding Hood started for a street car, and, having a few minutes to wait, improved the opportunity by setting up a howl that attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, to whom she explained her cause for grief. She was going, she said, to her poor, sick grandmother, and had just been put off a car because her dime was a counterfeit.

The gentleman gave her a quarter and put her on the next car. The conductor in due time called upon Little Red Riding Hood for a fare, when she produced her lead dime. "This is counterfeit," said the conductor, who treat Riding Hood fell to sobbing as if her heart would break; the conductor passed her, an old lady gave her a dime, and a boy shared some gingerbread with her. Arriving near her grandmother's house, Little Red Riding Hood sat down and ate the codfish balls; then she bought some milk from a drunken milkman, upon whom she passed the counterfeit dime, recieved from him 15 cents in change, after which she proceeded to her grandmother's and stayed with her for three we ks.

In contrasting this story with the original Little Red Riding Hood, the reader should bear in mind the disadvantage our heroine labored under in having to be her own wolf, a role which she sustained with signal ability. There does not appear to be anything more to add, except that the town is full of our kind of Little Red Riding Hoods.

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Marshall, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1881.
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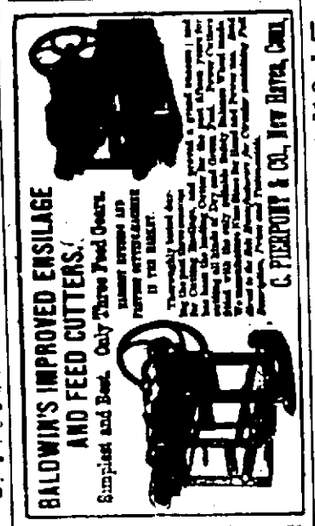

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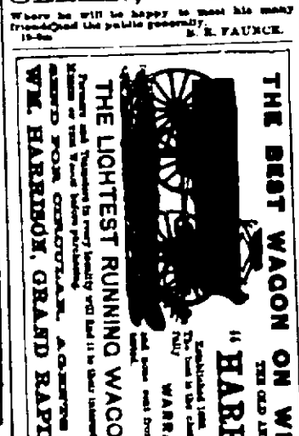

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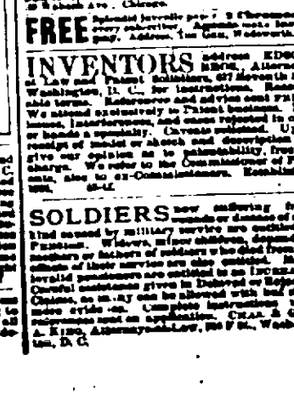

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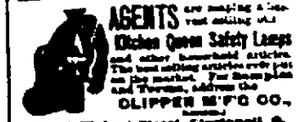

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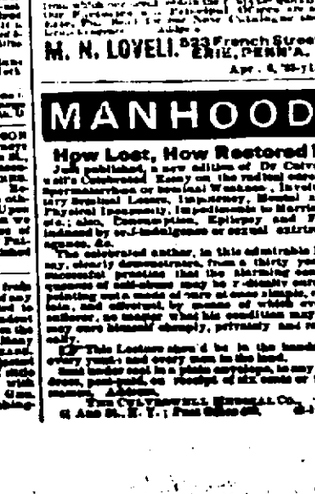

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Bradford Time Table. Taken effect Wednesday, September 13, 1882.

SOUTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	7	9	11
Bradford, Dep.	a.m. 7 10	a.m. 9 10	a.m. 11 10
Erie Crossing	7 15	9 15	11 15
Tarport	7 20	9 20	11 20
Chapin	7 25	9 25	11 25
Hazlewood	7 30	9 30	11 30
Forest	7 35	9 35	11 35
Kinzua Junction	7 45	9 45	11 45
Afton	7 50	9 50	11 50
Afton	7 55	9 55	11 55
Davis Switch	8 00	10 00	12 00
Van Vleck's	8 05	10 05	12 05
Harpoon	8 10	10 10	12 10
Ormsby's	8 15	10 15	12 15
Rock City	8 20	10 20	12 20
Smethport, Arr.	8 30	10 30	12 30

NORTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	8	10	12
Smethport, Dep.	a.m. 8 40	a.m. 10 40	p.m. 12 40
Rock City	8 50	10 50	12 50
Ormsby's	8 55	10 55	12 55
Harpoon	9 00	11 00	1 00
Van Vleck's	9 05	11 05	1 05
Davis Switch	9 10	11 10	1 10
Afton	9 15	11 15	1 15
Kinzua Junction	9 20	11 20	1 20
Afton	9 30	11 30	1 30
Forest	9 40	11 40	1 40
Hazlewood	9 45	11 45	1 45
Chapin	9 50	11 50	1 50
Tarport	9 55	11 55	1 55
Erie Crossing	10 00	12 00	2 00
Bradford, Arr.	a.m. 10 10	p.m. 12 10	p.m. 2 10

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During Camp Meeting at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from Erie City, and Bradford.
All Passenger Trains make direct connections at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from Rew City, and Bradford.
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SOUTHWARD.	STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD.
Ex. Mail.	Lv. Ar.	Ex. Mail.
a.m. a.m.	Buffalo	p.m. p.m.
8 00 8 30	Rhinebeck	3 30 3 00
8 08 8 38	Spring Brook	3 22 2 52
8 12 8 42	Marcellus	3 18 2 48
8 20 8 50	Jamesville	3 10 2 40
8 25 8 55	East Jamesville	3 05 2 35
8 30 9 00	Wiles	3 00 2 30
8 35 9 05	Hallock	2 55 2 25
8 40 9 10	Fayetteville	2 50 2 20
8 45 9 15	Manlius	2 45 2 15
8 50 9 20	Manlius Square	2 40 2 10
8 55 9 25	Pratts Falls	2 35 2 05
9 00 9 30	Kirkville	2 30 2 00
9 05 9 35	Erie City Junction	2 25 1 55
9 10 9 40	Onondaga	2 20 1 50
9 15 9 45	Woodside	2 15 1 45
9 20 9 50	Fayetteville	2 10 1 40
9 25 9 55	Elmwood	2 05 1 35
9 30 10 00	Jamesville	2 00 1 30
9 35 10 05	Larrabees	1 55 1 25
9 40 10 10	Fairbanks	1 50 1 20
9 45 10 15	Tarbells	1 45 1 15
9 50 10 20	Port Albany	1 40 1 10
9 55 10 25	Liberty	1 35 1 05
10 00 10 30	Keeling	1 30 1 00
10 05 10 35	Simpson	1 25 12 55
10 10 10 40	Empleton	1 20 12 50
p.m. p.m.	Lv. Ar.	a.m. a.m.

B. N. Y & P. R. R.—CLERMONT BRANCH.

Lv Norton'd	STATIONS.	Lv Bradford
P.M. A.M.		A.M. P.M.
5.00 9.00	Larrabees	10.25 1.35
5.05 9.05	Frisbee	10.20 1.30
5.17 9.17	Farnums Valley	10.08 1.18
5.22 9.22	Newport	10.03 1.13
5.30 9.30	Crosby	9.55 1.05
5.37 9.37	Cudgeons	9.48 12.58
5.45 9.45	Hazelhurst	9.40 12.50
5.50 9.50	Wetzville	9.35 12.45
5.55 9.55	Clermont	9.30 12.40
6.00 10.00	Arr.	Lv. 9.25 12.35

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

OLEAN, BRADFORD & WARREN R. R.

Leave Bradford for Olean at 7.00 and 11 a. m. and 2.00 and 4.35 p. m. Arrive from Olean at 9.45 a. m. and 1.45, 6.10 and 8.45 p. m.

SUNDAY trains leave Bradford for Olean at 9.15 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. Arrive from Olean at 12.30 and 6.30 p. m.

The Bradford connection to Warren, trains leave Bradford for Warren at 6.45, 10.00 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. Arrive from Warren at 10.30 a. m., 4.25 p. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford at 9.30 a. m. and 3.00 p. m. Arrive from Warren at 12.45 and 6.45 p. m.

KENDALL & KILDRED R. R.

Leave Bradford for Kildred at 7.00 a. m. and 1.45 and 6.00 p. m. Arrive from Kildred at 9.25 a. m., 1.15, and 7.20 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford for Kildred at 9.00 p. m. Arrive from Kildred at 11.00 a. m.

W. H. H. HALDEMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent
GEO. B. TAYLOR, Gen'l Supt.
J. W. WATSON, Supt. Warren & Conewango Division.

(NORTHWEST & PORT ALLEGHANY RAILROAD.)
Time Tables, taken effect Friday, September 15th, 1882.

| AR. Eastw'd. | STAT